

The Horse.

For Telling Horses' Ages.

The full-grown horse possesses 24 back teeth; that is, six in each side of each jaw; these are called molars or grinders. He has 13 front teeth; that is, six in each jaw. Mares have no tusks. The foal has either at his birth or shortly afterward eight milk teeth; that is, four in each jaw; at about 12 months two more milk teeth come in each jaw. These remain unchanged until he is three years old. The mouth of the yearling and two-year-old cannot be confounded. The yearling mouth shows no signs of use, and the corner teeth are shelly only; at two years old these teeth are strong and well grown, and the corner teeth filled up. A little before three years the two centre teeth of each jaw fall out and are replaced by permanent ones. A little before five the two remaining teeth are shed, and in their place come permanent ones. The upper milk teeth usually fall out first.

Thus the mouth is completed as to its front teeth; the corner tooth, however, is but imperfectly developed, being at present a shell only; this shell at six years old has filled up and is a complete tooth. This is the difference between a five and six year old. The tusks appear between three and a half and four years old, and they take nearly two years to arrive at their full growth. These teeth, as the horse grows older, get blunter and shorter, and so to an experienced judge are a sure indication of age. Up to six years old the mouth is in a distinct and periodical state of structural change. There is no difficulty in determining the age up to that date. After that the age must be judged by the shape of the mouth and the appearance of the teeth called the mark. At six years of age the cuts leave the two centre teeth above, at seven the next two above, at eight the outer or corner teeth above.

At nine the two centre teeth below lose the cuts, at ten the next two below, and at eleven the outer or corner teeth below. After a little practice the close observer can scarcely make a mistake. The changes that occur are the same in all horses, or nearly so.—*The Sportsman*.

A Horse's Hind Legs and Shoulders.

Did you ever notice the pleasure a horse seems to get from elevating his forelegs? says a farrier. Leave your horse tied in front of your house five minutes, and he has his forefeet on the pavement and his hind ones in the gutter.

I asked a local horseman why that was, and he told me it was an action perfectly compatible with the "build" of a horse.

"A horse's shoulders," he said, "notwithstanding their strength are very delicate and very apt to become strained. The raising of the fore feet rests them, and throws the weight on the hind legs. In the stable a horse will always kick out a hole in which to put his hind feet, and those who study the comfort of their horses always make the front part of the stall higher than the back. Besides, this has a perceptible effect on the beauty of a horse, and the prettiest shoulders are always found on horses whose stalls are constructed in accordance with the animal's instinct."—*Toonto Mail*.

The Omnibus Horses of Paris.

According to a correspondent of the *London Field*, the manager of the Paris Omnibus Company states in his annual report that, since the company was formed, it has purchased 57,817 horses, all of which, with the exception of 1,275, were bought in France itself. Some years ago a trial was made of German horses, but it was found that they were as expensive as the French horses, and could not get through the same amount of work.

The average number of horses purchased during the last few years has been 2,905, and most of these horses are of the Percheron type, costing about \$40 each.

The average length of their service is now, nearly five years, and as 83 per cent. of them are afterwards sold off at about \$20 each—the rate of mortality being only 17 per cent.—their actual cost is reduced by one-half.

Formerly, nearly all the horses used in the omnibus service were entire, but the idea that more work could be got out of them than out of geldings and mares is exploded, and there are now about 4,000 entire horses, 4,100 geldings, and 3,900 mares in the company's stables.

Fastest Trotting Time.
The fastest mile against time, 2:08½, was made by Maud S. by Harold. The fastest time by a gelding was 2:10 by Jay-Eye-See, and the fastest time by a stallion, 2:13½; by Maxey Cobb. The best mile in a race against other horses, 2:14½, was made by Maud S., and the fastest two consecutive heats, 2:11 and 2:10½, by Jay-Eye-See. The best three consecutive heats by a stallion are 2:15, 2:14½ and 2:15½ by Phallas. The fastest time in four consecutive heats in a race against another horse is 2:19½, 2:15½, 2:17½ and 2:13½ by Phallas. Catchy won the first heat. For two miles the time is 4:45 by Fanny Witherspoon, and for three miles 7:30½ by Huntress. The fastest mile by a yearling is 2:36½ by Hinda Rose, and the best mile by a two-year-old is Wild Flowers 2:31. The three-year-old time, 2:19½, was made by Hinda Rose.

The Saddle Sulky.
A doctor in New York is said to have invented and patented what he terms a "saddle sulky," the axle of which is curved to admit the rear of the horse between the wheels of the sulky, thus permitting the horse to turn upon the centre of motion, which he claims would make riding in such a vehicle much safer than in the ordinary style of sulkies. In many respects it is like riding in a saddle on wheels, as it is to all intents and purposes a part of the horse. The inventor claims that a vehicle of this nature will be of marked value, particularly for riding over rough roads, and for racing purposes it would largely prevent the slowing usually experienced in turning around the curves of a track, thereby tending to increase the speed of a horse and lower his record.

Horse Gossip.

ALLIE WILKES, by George Wilkes, dam by Honest Allen, has been in training at Kalamazoo until recently, and his trainer says he can trot under 2:30.

The National Stockman truly says: "If it is worth from \$50 to \$100 to be able to tell the buyer of your horse that he is from some noted sire, why will you object to paying a difference of a fifth or a tenth of that amount in service fees? This is something worth thinking about."

MR. R. SWIGERT, of Kentucky, has purchased the English race-horse Kingcraft to head his breeding stable. Kingcraft was bred by King Tom, dam Woodcraft. The price paid was \$17,500. Kingcraft won the Derby in 1870, and is not only highly bred but has proved himself a great race horse. Mr. Swigert had just lost profit. Prince Charlie, and Kingcraft was purchased to supply his place.

MR. J. R. HAGGIN, of California, has imported from Australia the famous race-horse Darbin, thought by many to be the greatest horse ever bred in Australia. He was sired by The Peer, and his dam, bred also in Australia, was by Trader, and grand dam by King Tom. Darbin's last race was for the Sydney cup, which he won with great ease, carrying nine stone eight pounds (134 pounds.)

The horse trade in Texas has grown to very large proportions. Five years ago the number of horses sent from this State did not exceed 5,000 head. Shipments from San Antonio for 1886 foot up more than 50,000 animals. From the whole State at least 75,000 will be reported this year. Within the next few years the sale of Texas-raised mules is going to be a big item in our export trade.—*Inter-Republic (Texas)*

OBSERVER, in the *National Live Stock Journal*, says: "The Arabs placed more dependence upon the man than the siren. The Americans have reversed the Arabian rule, and place the most dependence upon the siren. We think Observer is wrong in saying the Arabs placed more dependence upon the man than the siren. Most writers upon the subject state that the breeding of the stallion is more carefully looked after by the Arabs than that of the mare."

It is noted by Canadian papers that officers of the British army are in Canada. West and British Columbia engaged in selecting horses for the army, but that the style of horse required is not plenty. The requirements are that the stallion shall be from four to six years old, good color—black or gray preferred—15 to 16 hands high, and broken to the halter. For such horses they are paying \$150 per head. It is said to require 40,000 head of horses yearly to supply the wants of the British army, and that horses suitable always find ready sale at a fair price.

THIS IS A JOKE!—The Gospeler Horse and Cattle Company has imported a train of 20 horses and mares from live stock interests from Kansas, which is expected this week at the junction. It consists of one car of red Durham bulls, a Clydesdale trotting stallion with a record of 2:33, a thoroughbred mare for breeding, two miles of piping, household furniture, and articles for farm purposes. The piping will be used to move water from the Coyote springs to the ranch for stock and irrigating purposes. The company will have the stallion for public service, and, we hear, will be reasonable in price. Costly improvements will be made in the stallion and it is Major Wetherell's intention to rank him by none in range progress.—*Hoof and Horn* and *Hoof and Horn Mail*.

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The present returns are of yield per acre, the average for the whole country being about 73 bushels, against 85.8 for the crop of 1884, 91 in 1883, and 75.7 in 1882. This indicates a product of about 165,000,000 bushels, or the smallest crop since 1882. The conditions of the last year are almost exactly reversed; then the East was the section of the poor crops, the West supplying the deficiency; now the West is in New England, New York, and Pennsylvania is but a few bushels below average, while that of the West is so low that potatoes are shipped westward for consumption there.

The great part of the damage was done by drought, though there were local complaints of injury more or less serious from Colorado beetles, grubs, and scabs. In the

section west of the Alleghenies the early crop was generally superior to the late planting, the extended dry weather in Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Kansas proving less injurious to it. The crop of the Southern States is but little under an average, while that of the Pacific slope is light.

Rot, which caused such serious damage last year after the crop was dug, has been equally widespread this season, but less virulent. As usual, it is much worse in low and badly drained soils, though it is spoken of in some sections as being induced by the heat and parched condition of the ground. It is especially complained of in Missouri and Kansas, deteriorating condition after the crop is harvested, and has proved himself a great race horse. Mr. Swigert had just lost profit. Prince Charlie, and Kingcraft was purchased to supply his place.

An Ear of Corn.

Nothing is more familiar to a farmer than an ear of corn. All his life, from childhood up, he has husked it, fed it to stock, or shelled it for the mill; and yet beyond the mere external features of color and size, he has scarcely made an observation. He knows that his cornstalk must have a tassel and the ear a silk, but why either is necessary, he seldom inquires. But in all this there is nothing extraordinary. Men are not in the habit of studying carefully the things that belong to every-day life. Familiarity begets carelessness of observation. To-day we invite our readers, especially the boys and girls, to the study of an ear of corn. Our older readers may join the class if they choose.

An ear of corn consists of a cob with a central pith, the grains attached to this cob and the husk enveloping the whole ear. These parts are arranged in perfect order. This pith is in the center of the cob and is the medium through which the material for the nutrition of the grain is conveyed to it in the processes of growth and ripening. The grains are connected with the pith by a hard ligament, or cord passing through the woody part of the cob. They appear to come from the pith in pairs, and each pair of grains in rows extending the whole length of the ear, appear to form a longitudinal section of the cob. By this arrangement every ear has an even number of rows, a fact which many people have observed who cannot tell why it is so.

Horace Greeley, the philosopher and one of the most careful observers of this age, was betrayed into a blunder at this point. In describing the large corn which he saw at the Indiana State Fair in 1853 he says: "Many of the ears had 25 rows of grains on them." Had the philosopher studied the attachment of the grains to the cob, he would have written more wisely.

Each grain consists of a germ, or rudimentary plant, and a large deposit of starchy substance which in botany is called the albumen. The germ is placed at the lower part of each grain and on the front side, and that which looks toward the outer end of the ear. To this germ is attached a fiber of silk, so that the number of fibers in the silk exactly represents the number of grains in the ear. Each of these silk fibers is a pistil in the corn flower, while the stamens of the flower are in the tassel. If by any accident, a silk fiber is destroyed before it receives the pollen dust from the tassel, the grain, to the rudiment of which it was attached, will be a blemish on the cob.

The husk answers to the chaff in other grains, the remarkable difference being that in the cereals generally, each grain is furnished with its own envelope, or husk, while in the ear of corn the chaff envelopes the whole group of grains. It is probable that originally corn conformed to the general law in this respect, and that the present arrangement is an acquired condition, the result of transformation under changed circumstances. There is a variety of corn produced in Mexico and Central America which still retains the husk enveloping each grain.

The point of special note in this study is the remarkable uniformity and order that is maintained in the arrangement of these several parts in a plant, the most flexible and liable to change of any that we cultivate; and the fact that the pith of the cob is the reservoir from which every grain draws its nutriment.

Operation of Land Plaster.
A farmer in Wisconsin calls Prof. Armsby to account for stating, in a bulletin of the Wisconsin Experiment Station, that land plaster does not derive its value from anything it takes from the air, and that its action is an indirect one, wholly on the soil; and in so far as lime and sulphuric acid are deficient in the soil, it acts directly as a plant food.

Prof. A. states in reply to this correspondent, and in support of his position, that "it is a demonstrated fact in science, that the soil itself, without any addition of plaster, is abundantly capable of fixing the ammonia of the atmosphere, whether that conveyed to the soil in gaseous form by the atmosphere itself, or that dissolved out of the air by rain, and thus carried to the soil." And again, Prof. A. remarks, "the amount of ammonia which the soil can receive from the air is apt to be overestimated. The proportion of ammonia in the atmosphere is variable, but may be put down roughly as one part in fifty millions. We may compute that the air over an acre to be about 500,000 cubic feet, and so the amount of ammonia in the air over an acre may be about one cubic foot, or one-half of a grain. The ammonia in the soil is derived from the atmosphere, and is not derived from the plants, nor from the animal manure, nor from the lime and sulphuric acid added to the soil, but from the ammonia in the air, which is absorbed by the plants, and is excreted by the animal manure.

Liberality of the Soil is Essential.
LIBERAL feeding of the soil is as essential as the feeding of stock—one cannot do well without it.

The Kansas Farmer advises that

the stomachs of several cattle which died near Whitmore, Ia., were found to be lined with mud taken in with the filthy water they were compelled to drink.

A Correspondent of the Indiana Farmer figures that if he can raise 75 bushels of merchantable potatoes and 13 bushels of culms to the acre, and get 50 cents per bushel for the good ones, he can net \$30 per acre at the best.

The Bohemian Grain and Cereal Company, of Ypsilanti, this State, is included by the *Rural New Yorker* in its list of frauds, its agent having got into trouble at Rochester, N. Y. Michigan farmers have often been warned to beware of this business.

PRINCESS, the fine English hackney mare, recently died suddenly. She had been carried about from one show to another, spending most of the time in the cars, the stall and the show ring. High feeding for months without proper exercise had made the horse "soft." When turned into the pasture on returning from a show, she was so glad to be at liberty that she spent the first hour trotting at full speed up and down the pasture. This was fully verified, the last report of the month of August was by a further falling off, the reduction being the greatest happening in that month since 1882. The proportion of ammonia in the atmosphere is variable, but may be put down roughly as one part in fifty millions. We may compute that the air over an acre to be about 500,000 cubic feet, and so the amount of ammonia in the air over an acre may be about one cubic foot, or one-half of a grain. The ammonia in the soil is derived from the atmosphere, and is not derived from the plants, nor from the animal manure, nor from the lime and sulphuric acid added to the soil, but from the ammonia in the air, which is absorbed by the plants, and is excreted by the animal manure.

DRAINS AND DRAINING.
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Apples Drying off Cows.

A milk producer in Lowell who has been feeding two cows at the rate of one to two pecks of apples per day, finds the cows decreased heavily in their flow, and he therefore cautions farmers against feeding apples to cows in milk. The suggestion is a wise one, for excessive feeding of apples will

surely cause injury to the cows. Sometimes they are entirely dried off, and occasionally the results prove fatal. But if fed judiciously apples are most excellent food, increasing the milk of cows and making good beef of dry cattle. Our Lowell contributor asserts that whoever says that one to two pecks per day will benefit a cow, makes a false statement; but he should remember that cows are not all of a size, nor are they all alike in other ways. Many persons have fed those quantities with excellent effects, which would seem to prove his statements untrue.

The writer has fed a great many bushels of apples to dairy cows, giving them all they would eat, without experiencing any evil therefrom, but only small quantities were given at first, and the quantity was increased quite gradually. We found few cows that would eat two pecks per day very long, unless they were fed lightly upon other food.

We have known cattle running in orchards where apples were abundant, to become very fat and make excellent beef. We have used excellent milk for several months past that was given by a cow that has been fed liberally on apples, both sweet and sour, and no evil effects whatever have been produced.

Every farmer should have the means of weighing his produce before he sells it, and also what he buys. As a master of economy there is nothing that will pay him better. The high price of scales prevents many from providing themselves with them, and they are thus at the mercy of every dishonest party they may do business with. One of the best makes of scales now on the market are those manufactured by the Chicago Scale Co., and for the benefit of those who read the *Farmer* we have arranged with that company to supply orders sent through us at a great reduction. The prices are so low that the saving of loss on a load of wheat, pork, poultry or butter, will pay the entire cost. Just look at the prices below and judge for yourself.

No. 1—Barn Scale.

No. 2—Farm Scale.

No. 3—Grain and stock Scale.

No. 4—Platform Potatoes.

No. 5—Circular Scale.

No. 6—Circular Scale.

No. 7—Circular Scale.

No

Horticultural.**THE GOOSEBERRY AND CURRANT SAW FLY.**

Prevention and Remedies.

Prevention.—The best mode of prevention is to destroy the grubs while in the ground, and this may be done by deep cultivation round the fruit bushes with a spud, and by the application of copious dressings of fresh lime, or gar lime, or pure pungent soot, worked well into the soil. The clods thus dug up should be well knocked to pieces with the large eyes of "prong hoes" so as to dislodge the cocoons within them. This operation may be performed between October and 1st of March, and after this the ground may be beaten down hard with spades, or trodden down hard, to prevent the escape of insects. All this would only be done of course after a severe attack of grubs in previous spring. In gardens or small plantations other means may be adopted, such as soaking the ground around the fruit bushes with liquid manure and removing the soil near them. These methods can hardly be carried out in large plantations.

Remedies.—Quicklime powdered upon the fruit bushes early in the morning before the dew is off the leaves is a very useful remedy. Spraying the bushes with a strong wash of water and soft soap, consisting of from ten to twelve lbs. of soft soap to one hundred gallons of water, is an admirable remedial measure. The essence from half-a-pound of tobacco may be mixed with this, or better still, the bitter extract from four or five pounds of quassia chips. Petroleum soft soap may also be used at the rate of half a gallon or three-quarters of a gallon to one hundred gallons of water. Paraffin oil in the proportion of a wine glass to three gallons of water has been found to remove the grubs, but if applied when the young gooseberries are formed this is said, or fancied, to have imparted some of its flavor to them. Washing or spraying a large plantation would be a tedious work. Fortunately the grubs generally appear here and there in patches, and not simultaneously upon a large area of fruit land. They should be taken in time. Directly a bush is seen to be infested active measures should be adopted, and when it has been limed or sprayed the ground beneath must be hoed, or well stamped down to kill the grubs which have fallen off. As there are two broods in some cases care will be required that none of the grubs that fall escape. Hellebore, *Veratrum*, sprinkled in the form of powder upon the fruit bushes has a good effect in clearing of the grubs. This is a deadly poison, and if any of it remained upon the fruit serious consequences might ensue. There are records of persons having been made seriously ill from having partaken of fruit after the hellebore was dusted with powdered hellebore. Gooseberries are picked very young and green for these purposes if the price is good, so that it would be highly dangerous to apply hellebore even in these early stages. Hellebore is used extensively in America as a remedy against this and other insects. Natural enemies have been created against this insect, as against many other insects that are destructive to crops. Among these may be cited the ladybirds, *Coccinella*, which eat the eggs, and have been seen attacking the grubs in their various stages. Also the larvae of the *Chrysopa perla*—the Golden Eye, or Lace-wing, a fly of the *Neuroptera* family, and the family *Hemerobiidae*—have been noticed devouring the grubs just after they have come from the eggs. There is also an ichneumon fly of some species which deposits its eggs in the eggs of the *Nematus*, as may be evidently seen by the dark color under their transparent skins. In America, Professor Riley discovered a similar parasite upon the *Nematus ventricosus*, a species allied to the *Nematus ribesii*. This he called *Trichogramma pretiosa*. Professor Lintner also confirms this.—Prof. Whitehead, in Horticultural Times (Eng.).

Failure and Success in Peach Growing.

In 1880 we were desirous of engaging in the culture of the peach. Our soil was too stony, when burned, to make a passable brick. We were advised (advice is always cheap) that our soil was unfit for the peach, and that no matter how often we tried, our best efforts would result in failure.

True, peaches did not naturally thrive in our soil from some cause or causes, and we never saw even a tree of natural fruit live long enough to mature a single crop.

We do not believe in the word failure.

We tried, what all said we could not, i.e., to successfully grow the peach. We began, as we have always advised our readers, on a small scale, planting only sixteen trees, fourteen of these, before the year was out, died naturally and easily of the yellows, or something like them. The other two looked very sickly, but gave an appearance of a remaining year of life. We thought we had gone far enough in peach growing and halted a year to investigate the causes of our failure.

We studied the subject carefully, and learned among other things, that no matter how barren the soil, the peach tree that was planted near the house where it received a copious supply of dish-water, sweepings, ashes, and the like, flourished for many years, while trees only a few feet distant not receiving the same treatment were miserable failures. We also found that the storm of October 23, 1878, which caused the waters of the Delaware Bay to rise far enough to cover five or six feet deep, for several hours, some of the peach orchards in our vicinity, killing oak and other timber, was also supposed to be fatal to the peach tree. Many of the orchards that were overflowed were suffering from the yellows, and were considered worthless. Some growers thought of grubbing up their trees, supposing them to be ruined by the salt water that had overflowed. The following spring, 1879, they began to show an unusually vigorous growth, and the salt water instead of injuring them gave them increased life and vigor, showing no signs of failing in its good effects the three following seasons.

We also, found those orchards that grew nearest the salt meadows had always been the most healthy and long lived, and, also, those farmers who manured their orchards

with manure made from salt hay were the most successful.

In carefully examining the matter we believed that if we should apply salt as was done by the overflow, caused by the storm, or potash in some form, as shown by the health of the tree near the house, that we could grow peaches. In looking for a fertilizer to supply the deficiency in the soil we thought we could find it by the use of either ashes or the German potash salts. We were sufficiently encouraged to again try peach culture. In 1881, we planted forty additional trees and manured them with heavy applications of kainit at the rate of one ton per acre. On some we used unleached hard wood ashes, from eight to twelve quarts per tree. The trees all grew finely; those fertilized by the kainit grew the best, and were very promising until a mistake made in digging the earth away from them in the fall as recommended by some writer, caused the water, during winter, to stand around them. This freezing, ruptured the bark and killed nearly half of them. We manured again with kainit and bone dust. One-half ton of kainit and a quarter of a ton of bone per acre. In 1883 we were sufficiently encouraged to plant 200 more trees, some of which grew four feet the first season. Those who were so sanguine that we could not grow the peach were now sure that although we had succeeded in growing the trees we could not the fruit. This we did not believe. Our trees formerly planted were healthy, vigorous and growing luxuriantly. In 1884 we planted 1,500 trees, using the same fertilizers with the addition of a hundred pounds of nitrate of soda. All the trees we planted were the refuse of a nursery and considered worthless for planting. With less than one-half dozen exceptions the whole 1,500 made a growth the first year from four to six feet, stout and thrifty. In 1885, our first planted trees began to fruit, which was very satisfactory. The present year all the trees are making wood rapidly. Four year old trees have made this season four feet of new wood, besides carrying a large crop of fruit, but no signs of yellow appear. We propose the coming spring to plant still more largely, using the same fertilizers and treatment of the orchard as we have for the last six years, believing that with us it would be with others, the means we have employed in peach culture, will be successful.—*Farm and Garden.*

The King of American Fruits.

The apple is full of vegetable acids and antiseptics—enemies to jaundice, indigestion, and that dreaded member o' the human system, a torpid liver. It is a gentle spur and tonic to the whole biliary system. Chemists also tell us that the apple contains a greater per cent of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable—which makes it a proper food for the scholar and sedentary man, feeding his brain, and stimulating his liver. This was probably the view taken of the apple by that good clergyman of whom John Burroughs tells us, who, on pulling out his pocket handkerchief in the midst of his sermon, pulled out with it two bouncing apples, that went rolling across the pulpit floor, and down the pulpit stairs. These apples were, no doubt, to be eaten after the sermon, on his way home—they would take the taste of it out of his mouth. Then, beside, it would be impossible for a minister to grow dull or tiresome with two big apples in his coat-tail pockets. He would naturally want to hasten along to "finally," and the apples. Moreover, we must not forget that the apple is full of sugar and mucilage, which make it highly nutritious. The English extol the apple in the highest terms. Mr. William Robinson, a great horticultural authority of London, pronounces the American apple "the grandest fruit that ripens under the sun." And will he may, for the English apple is an insipid, tame affair, compared with the solid, aromatic, sun-colored and sun-steeped fruit of our northern orchards. In the humid, cloudy and foggy climate of England, the maple tree yields no sugar, and the apple tree no such sweet, delicious fruit as do our Tolmans and Franklins. "The grandest fruit that ripens under the sun." That may sound extravagant—but is it not true? What single fruit is adapted to so universal use, and to such universal taste? It compasses, in its eatable, fresh condition, in all the markets of the temperate-zoned world, eleven months certainly of the yearly round, and in extreme instances, the two ends of the year meet, with apples still upon the table. Like bread, one never tires of the apple. Of what other fruit of the tropics or the temperature climate can it be said that everybody likes it at all times of the year? Pears, plums, grapes, oranges, figs, dates—through the entire list, and the apple will outlast them all. While the market is supplied with corky oranges, picked underripe, or with canned and preserved fruits from different climates, as insipid as they are costly, the northern-grown and northern-ripened apple, full to the bursting of the stored-up richness of the ripening autumn sun, takes its place on the fruit stands—a whole length ahead of them all, cheap in price, and appealing to the satisfaction of every taste.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Keeping Apples.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says:

"Apples should not be pulled off by main force; the stem may tear out and leave a wound in the flesh which will rot. There is a knack in picking neatly. The stem should be broken off by the end of the thumb thrust against and under the forefinger. Neither should they be handled roughly, nor poured down into a barrel."

"The time for picking will be determined by the latitude, the season and the variety. The Rome Beauty should be picked a week before the Russet, and the Tulpehocken a week before the Rome Beauty. If the autumn has been dry and hot, apples should be gathered earlier than in a cool, moist season. An apple whose stem begins to cleave away from the wood has hung on the tree too long; it will drop soon, and even if plucked soon, it will not generally keep so well as if it had been gathered sooner."

"It is a great mistake to put apples into barrels or boxes directly after they are picked. In the first place the fruit is yet hard, the skin being fully distended and brittle, the surface plump and smooth. In this condition the skin is easily ruptured, and the oxygen of the atmosphere entering the puncture, induces decay. The cells composing the skin are, during the process of

growth, constantly filled to their utmost capacity with a watery secretion; and in a very rainy season this accumulation of moisture sometimes bursts the skin, but less perhaps in the apple than in the peach, the plum and the orange. If the fruit hangs on the tree long enough, this condition of fullness and tension will gradually abate, and a shrinkage of bulk will take place. But the apple should be picked before these symptoms of perfect ripeness appear; and the curing process of nature must be accomplished by art; in other words, by the sweat. The sweat is simply the discharge of the superfluous moisture of the skin; it is the same as the initiatory step of drying the fruit. Dried fruit will keep indefinitely; an apple with a properly dried skin will keep better than if the skin has not been allowed to dry."

"For a month or more after picking, apples should be kept in a cool, dry place, not more than three or four deep, to allow the sweat to escape. One year we had some very nice apples, and a neighbor engaged a number of barrels of the choicest russets. He insisted on having them placed in barrels at once, while we laid our own under the trees and covered them lightly with straw. When he came to remove them he was mortified, and not wholly without suspicion, when he found them already much rotted, while our own were sound.

"Apples may be kept very plump and juicy in a pit, like potatoes, and taken out by instalments through the winter to make cider. The pit should not be covered so deep with earth by four inches, as potatoes are; and a wisp of straw should be left in the top of the pit and covered with a board, to exclude rain and permit ventilation. But they should be well sweated before they are covered up for the winter."

"The old time New England way was to have a series of shelves in the cellarar, on which the apples could be sorted over. No apples were to be used until it was specked. I find a better way is to barrel them up tight when the sweat is fully over, set them in the cellar, open a barrel at a time, and use them all up before another one is opened. They keep better this way."

The Introduction of the Le Conte Pear.

It is decidedly probable that more has been written within the past two years, concerning the introduction into this country, and the peculiarities of the Le Conte pear, than concerning any other fruit-tree in America; much has been written inaccurately, and attempts at correction have been equally unreliable. During the spring of 1881, the writer traveled as newspaper correspondent through the southeastern counties of Georgia, and finding the people enthusiastic concerning the alleged desirable qualities of the tree and its fruit, inquiry concerning its origin and character naturally followed, and these facts, furnished upon undisputed authority, were gathered:

During President Polk's administration, a gentleman by the name of Le Conte was an attache of the United States legation to Japan. Upon his return he brought two pear cuttings, one of which he gave to his sister, residing in Liberty County, Georgia, and now the wife of Judge Harding, of that county. The other was given to a friend residing elsewhere, and did not live. The first was planted near Rochester, in the above county, and thrived. In the spring of 1881 it was forty years old, was a large and vigorous tree, and in full bearing. From this mother-tree have come all of the Le Conte pear trees in this country, taking this name from the gentleman who had introduced it. It is situated on the farm of the above-named Judge Harding, who has an extensive nursery and makes a specialty of these trees.

Horticultural Notes.

GRAPES weighing from five to ten pounds per bunch are so frequent in California that no mention is made of them. A bunch weighing 16 lbs. was, however, thought worthy exhibition.

The production of the Wilson strawberry, says Parker Earle, was the beginning of a new era in strawberry culture, just as the introduction of the Concord grape stimulated grape culture and gave rise to hundreds of other sorts.

GRAPES weighing from five to ten pounds per bunch are so frequent in California that no mention is made of them. A bunch weighing 16 lbs. was, however, thought worthy exhibition.

The Kent County Horticultural Society made a large and interesting exhibit of chrysanthemums at the last meeting. J. A. Hawley showed 24 distinct varieties; Wm. Dunn had a plant of the original pink variety brought from the Chinese Empire, and many others showed beautiful specimens of this popular autumnal flower.

NEAR Wellington, Southern Kansas, is a half acre orchard, which is quite a small sight to northern people. The trees are set one rod apart, and branched out from the ground, so that the fruit could be gathered by the aid of a low step-ladder. The Ben Davis is a favorite variety. The quality of the fruit is hardly as good as that of northern orchards.

APPLES in a dried state are made use of in France for the manufacture of cider, and they are almost wholly of foreign product. This fact goes to show that the surplus of the American crop can be dried and find a foreign market. But for that market it may be borne in mind that paraded apples are subject to a duty, while those unpared are not so; if sliced and dried with the skin on and core in they are duty free.

A WRITER in Gardening Illustrated says he has found sulphate of potassium an efficient remedy for mildew on the strawberry. Some were treated at the rate of a quarter of an ounce to the gallon, and others with double that strength. The mildew was killed in each case, and the fruit came off clean. No trace of injury was found to the foliage. With sulphur the foliage is burnt when a few hot days occur. This treatment is recommended for rose-growers.

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"The Gardeners' Monthly says: "It is by no means demonstrated that a want of potash in the soil is a safeguard against yellows. There are plenty of instances where trees have the yellows in soil over-abounding in potash. It has been clearly demonstrated by Professor Penhaligon, that there is a deficiency of potash in the wood of trees affected by yellows; but this may be from the diseased condition

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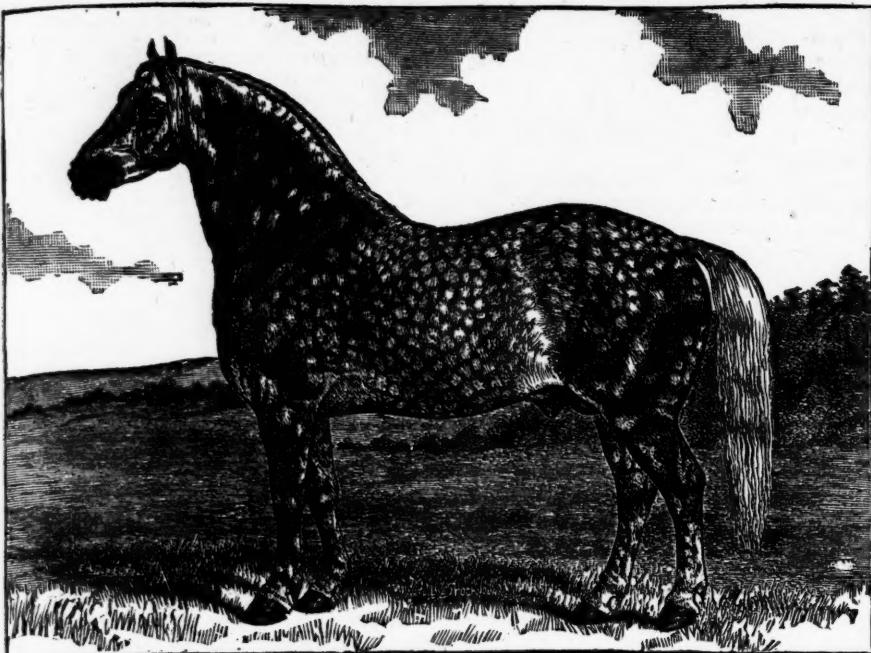
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BREEDER AND SHIPPER OF
Pure-Bred Poland-China Swine.

I have a choice lot of last April pigs which I will sell you for the next forty days. Eighteen in pairs or sets, a pair being exchange some for r. pine, or a part hemlock lumber suitable for building a barn or fencing; would also exchange for a good registered Shorthorn bull. The price is \$100.00 per head. My name is M. S. Miller, winner of five first prizes in classes and two sweepstakes; Royal Sambo 7899, winner of four first prizes; Mr. C. P. Smith's Prize, Mr. C. P. Smith's Prize, and so on. I am a member of the Royal Society of Agriculture and have won many prizes. I have also won Bronze Turkeys for \$3 for gobblers and for hens. Write or come and see. Special rates by express.

The residence of S. H. Baker, proprietor of the Pennsylvania oil works at Latrobe, Pa., was first wrecked and then burned by a natural gas explosion in the heating plant. The family miraculously escaped injury. The loss is \$3,000. The employees of the gas company turned on the gas in the furnace without notifying Mr. Baker.

Orin S. Skinner, formerly a well known Chicago lawyer, was last week tried at London for obtaining money under false pretenses and sentenced to five years penal servitude. Skinner was, in 1878, president of the All Mine Company, selected by white he officers, placed over every person who could be induced by the most flattering representations, to have any connection with it. His father-in-law, Senator Browning, lost his entire fortune, \$250,000, and James G. Blaine also suffered, with many other notables.

Americans in Mexico seem to find a foe more powerful than Kentucky's "old rye" against the sobriety characteristic of them all. The popular beverages of the country, the drink of the masses, has been exposed to the public gaze, and was found to be the national tipple, greatly to the disgust of his constituency. Now Minister Manning, also in Mexico on diplomatic business, has fallen a victim to the insidious "pique" and was involved for four months in a political imbroglio, while forbidden to eat or drink in England, under penalty of never being able to return to a real world, so future ambassadors should be required to take an oath to abstain from dalliance with "pique" when it looks red in the glass.

The Standard Oil Company recently bought the two great refineries of the city of Pittsburgh, Pa., the Americans and Empire, for \$1,100,000. Last week they closed both refineries. The stills were run out and cleaned, the fires extinguished, the barrels removed, and the tanks were to be pulled down. In addition to this, the American Oil Company is pulling up its extensive plant in the city. They cannot longer get the oil to make paraffin, and are compelled to quit. The works were started by Cameron & Caldwell hardly a year ago. The refiners refuse to let go of their oil from the tanks, and the Standard Oil Company has put up the largest works in the United States, with the most improved machinery. It is the policy of the Standard Oil Company to buy the best oil in the country, and to do the best work in the business. The residents of Dublin are greatly agitated over the report that the government intends taking vigorous action against the officers of the National League.

Manzanares Bros., bankers of Catania, Sicily, have failed, being found to be defaulters in large sums. Their father, overcome with shame at the disgrace, committed suicide.

The heirs of the late Baron de Rothschild, who recently died at Frankfort, will unite his splendid art collection with the collection at Gomberghers, and form a public museum.

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Poetry.

LOVE HIDING.

Love was playing hide and seek,
And we deemed that he was gone,
Tears were on my withered cheek
For the setting of our sun;
Dark it was around, above,
But he came again, my love!

Chill and drear in was November,
We recall the happy spring,
White, bewildered, we remember
When the woods began to sing;
All alive with leaf and wing,
Leaves lay the silent grove;

But he came again, my love!

And our melancholy frost
Woke to radiance in his rays,
Who wore the look of one we lost,
In the far-away dim days;
No prayer, we sighed, the dead may move,
Yet he came again, my love!

—Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

WOMAN'S TEARS.

The fountain of a woman's tears
Lies closer to her heart than man's.
She lives by moments, he by years;
She plies where he looks askance.

First she to act the Christian part,
Keener to feel for grief and pain;
Perchance it is because her heart
Is less a stranger to her brain.

Howbeit—it's womanly to weep,
And her sweet, sudden tears oft shame
Our better selves from torpid sleep
To win a purer, nobler name.

Tear, tender, tear-dimmed woman eyes!
How oft your tender, plying tears
Have lifted from us, garment-wise,
The pent-up bitterness of years.

How oft your tears in some dark day,
Down dropping, sweet as scented thyme,
On our rough hearts, have kissed away
The stain of some intended crime.

—Brooklyn Magazine.

Miscellaneous.

ONE JULY AFTERNOON.

A Story for Farmers.

"I'm going to town, Mary," said Mr. Harris, as he rose from the dinner table and shoved his chair noisily across the room. "If you've got anything to send, get it ready, quick."

"There's butter and eggs," answered his wife. "But I was thinking—"

"Well, get it ready, then. I wouldn't go, but Bob's broke the rake, and it's got to be fixed; and we have the rest of that hay to put in before night; and it looks like rain, too. I'll be around in five minutes and I don't want to have to wait. Put the eggs in bran, as I'm going fast, and fix the butter up right away." And he turned and walked swiftly a few steps, then paused and called, "Make out a list of what you really need, too."

"I wish I could have gone!" sighed Mrs. Harris, loud enough for her husband to hear. He frowned dismally.

"Oh, yes, that's the way! What on earth do you want to go to town for? It'll take you till sundown to get ready, and the baby'd squall all the time. Can't I get everything?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so. I know I can't go; I've enough to do here, but I thought, perhaps—"

She paused, and her husband, as if waiting for the pause, turned and walked quickly away. Mrs. Harris' thoughts were busy enough as she hastened to the cellar.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, "I do want a calico dress out of this butter money, and it won't be 20c. a pound much longer. I'm afraid Will won't get it if I ask him, but it seems as if I could wear this no longer; it's so warm."

And she looked down at the faded brown worsted that had been worn all winter and until now—July—nearly all the time. It was a very warm-looking dress, and on this afternoon her flaming cheeks and moist features did not need much to assert how uncomfortable she was, for the day was very warm. She was interrupted by an emphatic, "Whoa, now," from without before the butter was quite ready. The baby above, awakened by his father's loud voice, set up a loud scream, and the same voice came down to the nervous woman in impatient accents.

"Mary Jane! It does seem as if women are getting awful slow. I could have done three times what you have in this time," he added, as she came up from the cellar with a heavy three-gallon jar in her arms. He sat in the spring wagon composedly as she placed the butter in, and watched her go back for and fetch the large basket of eggs.

"Now what do you need?" he asked, gathering up the lines.

She told him quietly, and then nervously glancing into his face, she added:

"I guess there'll be enough left for some calico."

He looked amazed.

"Calico! Did I ever! What's that for?"

"Me a dress."

Did her face look tearful? It was unnoticed.

"A dress! Why, you don't need a dress; you've got a dozen. What all's that?"

"That'll last a year yet."

"It is so warm, Will, it nearly makes me sick to wear it. If I had a calico—just a cheap one; ten yards will do—I could put this away for winter again."

"Oh nonsense! Where's all that gingham you got?"

She glanced at his own garments.

"Part of it is on your own shoulders, and the rest was used the same way for you and the children."

He made no reply, except to chirrup to the horses and begin to turn the wagon round. Then, catching a glimpse of her face, something of his better nature (for he was not a bad man at heart) stirred within him and he said:

"Well, I'll see; maybe I can get it; and if I know I'd be late starting you might have gone, though I don't see why you wanted to go, for 'ain't been three months since you went to town and staid

half the afternoon. Get up, Charlie!" And he was soon out of sight in a cloud of dust,

Mrs. Harris felt like sitting down the shady door-step as she turned to go in, but she knew she could not. The baby had tired itself out crying, and was lying sobbing in the cradle. The dinner table was just as they left it, and that must be done before supper. She gave a glance toward the green trees and white tombstones of the graveyard close by, and suppressed quickly the bitter sigh that arose at the thoughts of the three little graves over there which held her sacred dust. She had long ago seen it was better thus. She sat down to soothe the sobbing baby, and under his mother's gentle touch he soon gave signs of a more comfortable state. She was very tired; she had done a hard day's work already, and was not half done.

Mr. Harris had a quantity of hay down, and kept himself and the boy and two hired men busy. Of themselves, there was only the father, mother and two children, the oldest and the youngest of the five. Twelve years it was since she had married good-natured, hard-working, ambitious Will Harris, whom every one said would "make money"; and they said, also, that he had done unusually well in securing Mollie Sanders for his wife. How golden the coming years looked to them! Mollie was graceful, lively and the prettiest girl in the country, and everybody knew she had taken the premium for her butter, and was far-famed for her bread-making. But it was "Mollie" then, never "Mary," and very few ever knew her name was Mary Jane. It was only in the last few years since she had been less sprightly and quick of foot, that he had called her Mary Jane. She did not mean to worry him, but she could not get around as she had used to, while he improved in appearance and capability every year. She did not reason why it was, but she felt the cause. "A continual dropping will wear away a stone."

She was aroused from her reverie by the striking of the clock. She laid the baby in a fitful, feverish slumber, in his cradle, and hastened to the work. When she had the dishes washed and her hair combed, how much better she should feel, she thought; but she must feed the two hundred young chickens, ducks and turkeys before then, so that it was after three when at last the dishes were washed and in their places. Rob had come up for a jug of water for the men. He was only eleven, but he could work; his father had seen to that. The sun was so hot she wondered how the men could stand beneath the scorching heat, and then the familiar sound of horses' hoofs warned her her husband had returned. She stood still by the door till she heard his voice speaking to the horses, and then in a louder tone: "Come out and get these things."

She went out with her finger on her lips, trembling lest his voice had awakened the baby.

"Sun's awful hot," was his comment, as he plied her arms full of packages. "Wish you'd bring the swill pail as you come back. Those hogs haven't had a blessed mouthful to drink, I'll be bound, since morning."

She could have said that she had watered them a time or twice herself, but she said nothing. The large tobacco pail was nearly full of swill, but she carried it out, and used all her strength to lift it to his reach as he sat there. He turned to speak as he started off.

"I saw Johnson, and he wanted butter, so I let him have it on the account there. There wasn't any left to get that calico, but I got it myself, so try and not get anything more till you have marketing enough to get it, for I can't buy so much out of hand."

She watched him drive away, holding the pail carefully poised over the wagon bed; but the next instant she was in the house. There was cooking to do for supper, and berries to pick, and if the baby would only sleep! She unrolled the calico. It needed only a glance to tell her there was not enough, and she soon saw the amount was seven yards. She couldn't have her calico dress after all, and her butter must go on a bill for blacksmithing, and she must take a sur from the one who should have given her better, because it had gone so deep in pocket, that forty-two cents which "he had paid himself" for the calico. There had been over three dollars' worth of butter!

She sighed and took up her burdens again. The baking was done when the baby waked, and she thought he seemed better. She sat him up in his high chair by the window. The sky was cloudy now; the men were hurrying back and forth in the hay field, and Rob was riding the rake. She picked her berries and had supper on the table as the men came in at six o'clock and the first big drops of rain descended.

"How do you calico suit?" asked Mr. Harris, as she handed him his coffee.

She looked him in the face.

"There is only seven yards," she said.

"Well."

"Well, did you think seven yards would make a dress for as big a woman as I am?"

The hired men laughed.

"I could most put mother in my pocket," said Rob.

Mr. Harris looked at his wife. She was very poor and slender, weighing perhaps a hundred pounds. Her fingers were scarcely larger than the baby's, and he saw they were not as large as Rob's. Yes, she had taken his lot to be hers. She had red cheeks and bright blue eyes then. Her cheeks were scarlet with fatigue and heat, now, but not round and soft as they were then, and her eyes had a weary look in them. "Can't be my fault," ran through her husband's mind.

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He made no reply, except to chirrup to the horses and begin to turn the wagon round. Then,

WHAT BREAKS A MAN UP.

It is not this playing at billiards
That tires a man to death;
But its bringing up from the cellar
That takes away his last breath.

And it is not the base ball's fierce pitching
That will knock him all of a heap;
But it's sawing a few sticks of green wood
That'll give him a grave long and deep.

And it's not through the midnight carousal
That so many give up the strife;
But its walking the floor with the baby
Depives a poor fellow of life.

AN OLD-TIMER'S STORY.

HOW THEY USED TO DO ON THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.

The Struggle for Life of One Man Against Five Land Pirates, and the Way It Ended.

At a down-town hotel the other evening, says the Denver News, there sat smoking a number of men somewhat roughly dressed and well past middle age, and most of them showing that their struggle with life had not been the easiest which is allotted to mortals here below. Among them was an old trapper, who, with Jim Baker, had encountered both grizzlies and Indians by the score, a prospector who had visited every new diggings from San Juan to Fraser River, a freighter or two who had "whacked bulls" from the Missouri to Salt Lake and Virginia City before the advent of the railroads, and several others who had been listening to the strange tales of danger and adventure which a casual meeting had suggested. They had been in many a rush for "new diggings," and in many a "stampede" together, but had never known each other until old age and hard luck had thrown them together in some of the second-class hostleries of the Queen City of the plains.

The conversation lulled finally, and the trio relapsed into silence, as over their pipes they recalled the recollections of pioneer days, when a tall, lank-looking man, with grizzled locks and an unmistakable southern accent spoke: "I've listened to you fellows' yarn about Indians and grizzlies and vigilantes, and now let me tell you one. It is about an adventure I had down the Mississippi a number of years ago."

"If you have been down the big river, you know that down below Donaldsonville it spreads out over acres and acres of country on each side of the channel. The further down you go the more country you'll find covered by water, and you can find places where houses can be hidden away so nicely that fifty men might search for her a week and not find her. I went down into that country on a venture of my own. I had a small, snug house-boat and \$30 worth of trading cargo, and the idea was to peddle off my stuff to the isolated people along the banks in exchange for furs, and to spend the winter there in hunting and trapping. I took with me my nephew, a boy about eighteen years old, and a couple of good dogs, and reached the spot where I was to tie up for the winter about the first of November. I had pretty good luck in exchanging my goods, and when I tied up there was only about \$15 worth of notions left. In the bend where I proposed to winter the overflow was at least ten miles across, and the place selected was all of three miles from the steamboat channel. The water over the bottom lands was about two feet deep on the level, but here and there were sinks where it was deeper, and there were many islands clear above water. There were panthers, wild cats, coons, foxes, woodchucks and muskrats in plenty, and I was counting on my luck, when something happened to the boy. He went out with one of the dogs to inspect some of the traps, and, after a couple of hours, one dog came back alone. The other had been stabbed in two places and had died just before reaching the boat.

It was just at night when he returned, and as I could not get out to search before morning, you can imagine feelings of my anxiety, and how slowly the hours dragged away. I was off at the first peep of dawn, taking the dog along. After a walk of two miles we came upon the boy's dead body. He'd been shot at by one of the tramps, and by some one who had laid hands on him before the shot was fired. The bullet had gone through his heart, and his rifle, knife and other effects had been taken away. Pinned to his clothing was a piece of paper, on which was scrawled: "If you don't leave within two days we'll serve you the same." It was the work of some of the renegades who made that region their permanent home. I was completely knocked out for an hour or so, but then I braced up and vowed vengeance. Law could not reach these men, I buried the body, and then returned to my boat, feeling pretty certain that the men who had done for the boy would soon pay me a visit. I had a rifle, a shotgun and a navy revolver, and the boathouse windows were provided with loopholed shutters. Once shot in no one could get me out unless I was driven out by flames.

It was just before noon the next day when I heard from the expected visitors. I was keeping very shady, knowing they would shoot me on sight, and the Governor wrote and wrote, but could get no answer from Ransom. He was obliged finally to send a messenger to the Senator, and when the Governor and Senator met shortly after Ransom, Vance was serving his first term in the Senate. It was necessary to get his official signature to a document, and the Governor wrote and wrote, but could get no answer from Ransom. A few minutes later the Senator met a constituent from a rural district, a hayseed constable, with long hair, tangled beard, and blue jean trousers. The Senator greeted him like a long-lost brother, held both hands, asked after the wife and children, and invited the constituent to come to his house and take dinner any time.

Their plan was then abandoned for another. By the use of their boat they could work all around me, and by and by they had four men posted at different points, and the leader called out that they would remain all winter but that they would have my life. They were close enough to command some of the loop-holes, and each one kept himself so well sheltered that I did not get shot the whole afternoon. As night came on I made ready for a different attack. I heated the stove-boiler full of water, placed pails handy and made a barricade across the boat's cabin with furniture. The boat lay in such a position that they could only reach me by making use of their skiff, and then only at the stern. The bow was in the water too deep to wade in, and too full of roots and canes for a boat to pass through.

It was near midnight when the growling of the dog proved that some devility was on foot. I dipped out a pail of boiling water, had the shotgun and revolver ready, and pretty soon I realized that the quartette had landed on the stern. All of a sudden I flung the door open. Two of them stood there, and as I swished the water over them they went overboard, yelling as if they had been skinned with a knife. The two others had gone forward, one on each side of the boat. They had revolvers, and they turned and opened on me, and the three of us emptied our shooters without any one being harmed. As I dashed into the cabin after my shotgun they followed me. They were so close to me that I could not get the gun, but had to draw my knife. It was dark in there, and the dog took a hand in, and I expect that little shindy has never been matched. We cut, hacked, thrust and used our fists and feet. I got two cuts almost at the beginning, but at the end of five minutes one fellow was lying in a heap and the other begging for quarter. I struck a light and found the one dead and the other bleeding like a hog, with the dog held of him. I was in a mood to finish him at once, but he begged so hard that I let up on him, only to see him die a couple of hours later. In the darkness I think the fellows must have fallen afoul of each other by mistake, for one had four knife wounds and the other six. I had two, as I said, and the dog had three or four skin cuts. When I got around to look for the two whom I had scalped they were out of the way, and I never bothered them again. I got three rifles, two revolvers, two knives and \$63 in money out of the fight, and the loss of my nephew cost three lives.

BALD HEADS.

Fully 30 Per Cent. of the Men in Eastern Cities are Bald.

To a person who has a moderately well-supplied pocketbook and a thoughtful turn of mind there can be no more fruitful theme for meditation than to go into our large halls, theaters, churches and other places of public resort, and, securing a seat in the gallery or the rear part of the room, look at the heads of the audience for no other purpose than to ascertain by actual count how many show signs of baldness. Unless the experimenter has been in the habit of counting for this object, he will be surprised to learn that in most of the Eastern cities fully 30 per cent. of the men more than 30 years of age show unmistakable signs of baldness, while nearly 20 per cent. have spots on their heads that are not only bald, but actually polished with the gloss that is supposed to belong to extreme old age alone. I have been in the majority of the churches and theaters in all the large Eastern cities, as well as in Chicago, St. Louis and other places of the West, and have verified my assertion by actual count. From my observation I find that bald-headed men are most plentiful in New York and Boston: After these come Philadelphia, Washington, and the Western towns. I say "men" for two reasons: 1. Because women usually wear their hats or bonnets on such occasions, thus covering their crowns. 2. In case their hats are removed the hair is combed so as to cover any possible bald spot, or else there is an artificial "switch" to hide the defects of nature. So, without indulging in any speculations regarding what may be, I will confine myself to what is to be seen.

Here are a few observations taken in Boston: Trinity Church, 543 men; 71 actually bald and 46 indications of baldness. King's Chapel, 86 men; 38 actually bald and 14 indications of baldness, Hollis-street Theater, orchestra at performance of the "Mikado," 63 men; 27 actually bald and 10 indications. Boston theatre, Judic, 126 men; 51 actually bald and 43 indications. Popular Science Monthly.

Senator Ransom's Constituents.

Senator Matt Ransom is noted among other things for his remarkably long and stiff shirt cuffs, and for his inability to keep up a correspondence. He will not, he cannot, he says. Answer letters. When Senator Vance was Governor the second time, Ransom was serving his first term in the Senate. It was necessary to get his official signature to a document, and the Governor wrote and wrote, but could get no answer from Ransom. He was obliged finally to send a messenger to the Senator, and when the Governor and Senator met shortly after Ransom, Vance told Ransom to task, but the Senator only laughed, and it is impossible for any one to get vexed with Ransom. A few minutes later the Senator met a constituent from a rural district, a hayseed constable, with long hair, tangled beard, and blue jean trousers. The Senator greeted him like a long-lost brother, held both hands, asked after the wife and children, and invited the constituent to come to his house and take dinner any time.

"Matt," said the man, rather soberly, "I've been layin' it up agin you, because you don't answer none of my letters. Reckoned you might have got a little too high toned. 'Twant like you, Matt, but I couldn't just come to any other conclusion."

"Why, bless you," replied Ransom with overflowing good nature. "I know I didn't. I've been too busy. Why, only just now the Governor was scolding me for not answering his letters. I told him I hadn't answered yours, and if I couldn't find time to write to you, he couldn't expect I was going to be able to write to him."

Was ever more adept rubbing of the fur the right way? And the man went home to the rural district conscious that he was a man of far more consequence in Ransom's eyes than the Governor. No wonder Ransom's grip on his state is so great that he doesn't need to write letters.

Imagination and Sickness.

Two young girls were at dinner at their home in Marseilles, when they were told that a special friend of theirs had died the previous night, of cholera. At once they became very nervous, and left the table precipitately, ordered a cab and told the driver to take them as fast as possible to the town of Aix, some distance from Marseilles. When the cab got outside the city, the coachman looked through the window to ask the address of the place to which he was to go. He saw one of the girls in convulsions and the other utterly unconscious. In his turn, the driver got frightened, abandoned the cab, and ran about like a madman. When the police, who were sent for, arrived and opened the cab, they found one girl dead and the other dying. A little way up the road they found the coachman lying on his face, dead.

HENRY COLERIDGE.

His Celebrity as an Eloquent Soliloquist and Author.

Henry Coleridge calls his celebrated uncle "the eloquent center of all companies, and the standard of intellectual greatness to hundreds of affectionate disciples, far and near," and says, "a day with him was a Sabbath past expression deep and tranquil and serene. Throughout a long drawn summer day would this man talk to you in low, equal, but clear and musical tones, marshalling all history, harmonizing all experiment, pouring such floods of light on your mind, that you might like Paul, become blind in the very act of conversion. In all this he was your teacher and guide, but in a little while you might forget that he was other than a fellow student, a companion, so playful was his manner, so simple his language, so affectionate the glance of his pleasant eye." De Quincey says, "Coleridge led me at once to the drawing-room, rang the bell for refreshments, and omitted no point of courteous reception. That point being settled, Coleridge—like some great Orelia, or the St. Lawrence, that, having been checked and fretted by rocks or thwarting islands, suddenly recovers its volume of waters and its mighty music—swept at once, as if returning to his natural business, into a continuous strain of eloquent dissertation, the most novel and illuminated that it was possible to conceive."

Now these are the reports of enthusiastic young disciples, and must be taken *cum grano salis*. But there is little difference in reports of older men. "His society," says Wordsworth, "I found an invaluable blessing, and to him I owe much of my success as a poet, a philosopher and a man." Carlyle, who never praised a living man, is the only one who does not speak in terms of enthusiastic reverence and acknowledge the effect of a new vitalizing mental force.

Some Big Figures.

A mathematical calculation which is just old enough to make interesting Sunday reading once more is based on the following passage from the Book of Revelation: "And he measured the city with the reed 12,000 furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal." This pretty little calculation, which is being freshly quoted, is as follows: "Twelve thousand furlongs, 7,920,000 feet, which being cubed, 1,496,793,088,000,000,000 cubic feet. Half of this we will reserve for the throne of God and the court of heaven, and half the balance for streets, leaving a remainder of 124,168,472,000,000,000 cubic feet. Divide this by 4,096, the cubical feet in a room sixteen feet square, and there will be 30,321,823,750,000,000 rooms. We will now suppose that the world always did and always will contain 990,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts for thirty-three and one-third years, making in all 2,970,000,000,000 inhabitants. Then suppose there were 100 worlds equal to this in number of inhabitants and duration of years, making a total of 297,000,000,000,000 persons, and there would be more than 100 rooms sixteen feet square for each person."

Good Water.

Good water should be tasteless and odorless when either fresh or stale.

After long standing it should show no sediment. If, when boiled, it turns white, it contains lime; brown, iron, clay or vegetable matter. If after long standing it has a slight moldy smell, it has passed through marshy land and contains germs and organic substances. All such water should be carefully avoided.

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A mathematical calculation which is just old enough to make interesting Sunday reading once more is based on the following passage from the Book of Revelation: "And he measured the city with the reed 12,000 furlongs, 7,920,000 feet, which being cubed, 1,496,793,088,000,000,000 cubic feet. Half of this we will reserve for the throne of God and the court of heaven, and half the balance for streets, leaving a remainder of 124,168,472,000,000,000 cubic feet. Divide this by 4,096, the cubical feet in a room sixteen feet square, and there will be 30,321,823,750,000,000 rooms. We will now suppose that the world always did and always will contain 990,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts for thirty-three and one-third years, making in all 2,970,000,000,000 inhabitants. Then suppose there were 100 worlds equal to this in number of inhabitants and duration of years, making a total of 297,000,000,000,000 persons, and there would be more than 100 rooms sixteen feet square for each person."

Why People Were Buried.

When people began to bury their dead they did so in the firm belief in another life, which life was regarded as the exact counterpart of this present one. The unsophisticated savage, holding that in that equal sky his faithful god would bear him company, naturally enough had the dog in question killed and buried with him, in order that it might follow him to the happy hunting ground. Clearly, you can't hunt without your arrows and tomahawk; so the flint weapons and trusty bow accompanied their owner to his new dwelling place. The wooden hilt, the deer sinew bowstring, the perishable articles of food and drink, have long since decayed within the damp tumultuous earth; but the harder stone and earthenware articles have survived till now, to tell the story of their crude and simple early faith. Very crude and illogical, indeed, it was, however, for it is quite clear that the actual body of the dead man was thought of as persisting to live a sort of underground life. A stone hut was constructed for its use, real weapons and implements were left by its side, and slaves and wives were ruthlessly massacred, as still in Ashantee, in order that their bodies might accompany the corpse of the buried master to his subterranean dwelling. In all this we have clear evidence of a very inconsistent, savage, materialistic belief, not indeed in the immortality of the soul, but in the continued underground life of the body.

Brian Boru.

Brian Boru, or Boromhe, is said to have been the son of Kennedy, King of Munster, Ireland. The story goes that his first warlike exploits were performed under the banner of his brother, the King of Cashel. After his brother's assassination he became King of Munster, and as such compelled the Danes of Dublin to pay tribute. He was engaged in a long and finally unsuccessful war against Malachy, the King of Tara, and his nominal over lord. In the end

he was acknowledged as lord even by the O'Neils, and Malachy, their chief, followed in his train as an under king. The whole island had now submitted to him, but the Danes made an effort to re-establish their supremacy. Leinster joined the Ostmen, but they were overthrown by Brian in twenty-five battles, and finally, at Clontarf, in 1014, Brian, who is said to have been eighty-three years of age, did not command in person, but remained in his tent, where, after the victory had been won, he was killed. Tradition makes Armagh his burial place. Brian Boru must be regarded as the popular hero of early Irish history, and the stories told about his reign led to its being regarded as a sort of golden age. The O'Briens and many other distinguished Irish families claim him as their ancestor.

"Why, bless you," replied Ransom with overflowing good nature. "I know I didn't. I've been too busy. Why, only just now the Governor was scolding me for not answering his letters. I told him I hadn't answered yours, and if I couldn't find time to write to you, he couldn't expect I was going to be able to write to him."

Was ever more adept rubbing of the fur the right way? And the man went home to the rural district conscious that he was a man of far more consequence in Ransom's eyes than the Governor. No wonder Ransom's grip on his state is so great that he doesn't need to write letters.

THE WILD MAN OF OHIO.

A Curious Creature Seen Among the Hills of Holmes County.

A party of hunters, who have just returned from a hunt in the hills of Holmes County, Ohio, say they encountered a curious creature on their trip. According to their description, a wild man, or some other strange being, is at large in Holmes County. The party who report seeing this strange creature claim that he or it looked like a man, but acted like a wild beast. The creature was encountered near a brushy thicket and willow copse near what is known as Big Spring, where General Buell rested on his march through Ohio, at a point a short distance south of the Wayne County line in Holmes County. The party who report seeing this strange creature claim that he or it looked like a man, but acted like a wild beast. The creature was encountered near a brushy thicket and willow copse near what is known as Big Spring, where General Buell rested on his march through Ohio, at a point a short distance south of the Wayne County line in Holmes County. 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Petinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, Veterinary Surgeon. Private advice through the columns of the Michigan Farmer to all regular subscribers free. The full name and address will be necessary that we may identify you accurately to ensure prompt treatment. No questions answered professionally by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. Private address, No. 301 First St., Detroit, Mich.

Chronic Lameness in the Feet of a Horse.

EATON RAPIDS, Nov. 15.
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I have a brown horse, ten years old, that went lame in August in his forward feet; would stand with his feet stretched forward resting on the ground after going a short distance; would seem all right on a walk. Had him shot about the first of October, got better in a few days; used him some for about three weeks; then his shoes off, got very lame again. His feet do not seem contracted; I detect no undue heat anywhere; he stands square on his foot but as if his leg was stiff; has never been overdriven but has been worked at ordinary farm work. Always in travelling he would strike the toe first, wearing the shoe thin on the toe; have done nothing for him. SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—From your description of symptoms in your horse, we are inclined to believe trouble to be in the feet, and would advise the following application. Bin-Iodide of mercury, one drachm; camphorine, one ounce; mix well together, apply to the feet above the hoof, rubbing it well to the skin with the fingers, once only; tie the head up short to prevent the animal getting its nose in contact with the blister for three or four hours. In two days dress the feet with lard and when well dried in rub the part well with the fingers and apply a little more lard; when dry repeat the rubbing. When the surf formed by the blister is all off clean and the hair has started to grow, should the animal continue lame repeat the blister and dress in like manner.

Parturient Appoplexy in a Cow.

HUBBARDSTON, NOV. 22, 1886.
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I would like to know what to do for my cow. She had an attack of milk fever and I gave her Bovine Panacea which worked like a charm; I shall recommend it to everybody. I would not have given ten cents for her before I commenced using it. She got upon her feet all right, but her hind parts had hard and her ankles seem weak; fore parts all right; eats well and chews her cud; gives quite a good mess of milk and looks well; calf runs with her. If you tell me what to do for her you will confer a great favor, the cow is a very good one. J. C.

Answer.—Give the following: Sulphate magnesia, two pounds; Jamaica ginger root, pulverized, four ounces, mix well together and divide into twelve powders. Give one dissolved in one pint tepid water night and morning. Give good nourishing food and let her have exercise if the weather is not stormy, but do not turn her out with other cattle.

Button Farcy.

PONTIAC, NOV. 24, 1886.
Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

Will you please answer this? I am disposed as to the proper treatment of button farcy. Six grains of cantharides, four grains of blue vitriol, six grains of calomel, one grain of strichine, one tablespoonful of globular [Glauber's] salt, half tablespoonful sulphur is what I prescribed. Give me a like prescription, if I am right, that I may show it to the court under my signature. J. W. B.

Answer.—We cannot indorse your treatment of button farcy and cannot give you a like prescription for the disease. When the symptoms and condition of the animal are properly described we are always ready to advise the subscribers of the FARMER regarding the treatment of diseases in their stock, but are not inclined to correct prescriptions to be used in courts of law without an expert fee.

Commercial.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, Nov. 30, 1886.

FLOUR.—There is a quiet but steady market at unchanged prices. Quotations are as follows:

Michigan, stone process..... \$3.50 @ \$3.75
Michigan roller process..... 3.50 @ \$3.75
Michigan whole wheat..... 3.50 @ \$3.75
Minnesota, baker's..... 3.50 @ \$4.10
Minnesota, patent..... 4.50 @ \$4.50
Rye, Western..... 3.50 @ \$3.40
Wheat,.... 2.50 @ \$3.00

WHEAT.—The market opened strong yesterday, weakened, and then advanced to points 2%@3% higher than on Saturday, closing firm. The visible supply only increased \$20,000 bush., owing to the destruction of fully three-quarters of a million at Duluth by fire. There were also reports of a good export demand at New York. Closing quotations here were as follows: No. 1 white, 73%; No. 2 red, 70%@73%; futures, No. 2 red, December, 70%; January, 70%; May, 70%. No. 1 white, December, 70%; January, 70%. The market was high at the close.

CORN.—Market higher with good demand. No. 2, 30%; No. 3, 38%; No. 4, 48%; No. 2 yellow, 39%.

OATS.—Firm but quiet at advanced prices. No. 2 white, 32%; No. 2 mixed, 28%.

BARLEY.—The market is steady with No. 2 State selling at \$1.20 per cental, and No. 2 western at \$1.25.

RYE.—Quoted at 53¢ per bu., with improved demand.

FEED.—Bran is quoted at \$10.75@11.00 per ton; coarse middlings, \$11.00; fine middlings, \$12.00@14.00.

CLOVER SEED.—The market declined during the past week, has recovered a part of the loss, and is steady. Prime, \$4.45; December delivery, \$4.45, January, \$4.52¢ per bu.

BUTTER.—Fancy lots of dairy quoted at 16@20¢; good to choice lots at 16@21¢, and creamery at 20@22¢. Market dull.

CHEESE.—Market firm and unchanged. Michigan full creams, 12@12½¢; New York, 12¢, Ohio, 11½@12¢ per lb.

EGGS.—Market easier at 21@22¢ for fresh took; limed, 17@18¢.

APPLES.—Ordinary to good lots are worth 1 50¢@17¢ per bbl., and fancy \$2@3 25¢ per bbl. Market steady.

FOREIGN FRUITS.—Lemons, Messinas, 5¢ box, \$4.00@5.00; Malagas, \$3.75@4.25; oranges, Jamaica, 5¢ bbl., \$7.25; 5¢ per lb.; bananas, 5¢ bbl., \$7.50@8.00; yellow; cocoonas, 5¢ per lb.; Malaga grapes, \$2@5 50¢ per bbl.

BEESWAX.—Steady at 22@23¢ per lb., as to quality.

HONEY.—Quoted at 11@12¢ per lb. for comb, and 7@8¢ for extracted. Supply large.

BEANS.—Market continues quiet but

steady at \$1.38@1.40 per bu. for new city picked mediums; new unpicked, 75¢@1.05 per bu. as to quality.

BALD HAY.—New is quoted at 8 00@9 00 per ton for clover, 10 50@12 00 for No. 1 timothy, and 9 00@10 50 for No. 2. These prices are to far.

SALT.—Car lots, Michigan, 80¢ per lb.; eastern, 95¢; dairy, \$2 10 per bbl., according to size of sack; Ashton quarter sacks, 72¢.

POTATOES.—Market unchanged; car lots quoted at 35@38¢ for Burbanks, and 35@37¢ for Rose. Store lots quoted at 40@45¢ per bbl.

HOPS.—Best eastern, 34¢ per lb.; Michigan 25¢; California choice, 34¢ 1885, 18¢.

CABARETS.—Market steady. Shippers are paying \$2@3 25¢ per 100.

ONIONS.—Market quiet and dull, at \$1.80@2 per lb. for roots, 60¢ for hens, 60¢ for ducks, 70¢ for turkeys, and 60¢@70¢ for spring chicks. Dressed quoted as follows: Chickens, 70¢@80¢; turkeys, 90¢@10¢; ducks, 90¢@100¢; geese, 90¢@100¢. Market overstocked with turkeys, but others kinds only in fair supply yesterday.

DRESSED HOGS.—Packers quote \$4@4 25¢ for heavy and \$4 50 per cwt. for light weights.

TIMOTHY SEED.—Selling from store in bagged lots at \$2 05@2 10 per bu.

HIDES.—Green city, 6 1/2¢ per lb. country, 7¢; cured, 8 1/2¢@9¢; green calf, 8 1/2¢@9¢; salted do., 9 1/2¢@10¢; sheep-skins, 50¢@61 25¢; bulls, stags and grubby hides 5¢ on.

PROVISIONS.—Market unchanged except for family mess and clear pork, which has declined a trifle. Quotations here are as follows:

Mess..... \$1.00 25 Family..... 12 25 12 1/2 Family clear..... 12 25 12 1/2 Lard in tapers, 5¢ per lb..... 6 1/2¢@6 1/2 Lard in kegs, 5¢ per lb..... 6 1/2¢@6 1/2 Ham, 5¢ per lb..... 10 1/2¢@11 1/2 Bacon, 5¢ per lb..... 10 1/2¢@11 1/2 Choice bacon, 5¢ per lb..... 10 1/2¢@11 1/2 Extra mess beef, per bbl..... 7 25 6 1/2 7 50 Tallow, 5¢ per lb..... 3 1/2@4

HAY.—The following is a record of the sales at the Michigan venue scaled for the past week, with price per ton.

Monday—32 loads: Nine at \$14; six at \$18; four at \$13 50; three at \$15 and 14 50; two at \$12; one at \$18 25, \$12 50, \$11 50, \$11 50.

Tuesday—9 loads: Three at \$14 and 18; two at \$16; one at \$14 50.

Wednesday—17 loads: Four at \$16 and 18; five at \$15 50 and \$18; two at \$14 50; one at \$14.

Friday—37 loads: Seven at \$15 and 14 50; four at \$14, \$13 and \$12 50; two at \$15 50; \$10 50 and \$11; one at \$16, \$14 25, \$13 25, \$12 and \$11 50.

Saturday—24 loads: Ten at \$15; nine at \$14; five at \$16; three at \$18; two at \$14 50, \$13 50 and \$12; one at \$12 50.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

[By telegraph.]

Below we give the latest reports from the live stock markets east and west for Monday, Nov. 29th.

BUFFALO.—Cattle, receipts 1,360; prices advanced 5@10¢; common to fair, \$3 75@4 10¢; good to choice shipping, \$4 35@4 25¢; stockers and feeders wag at \$2 75@3 25¢; extra, \$4 75.

Sheep, dull, receipts 400; price declined 5@10¢; common to fair, \$3 80@3 90; good to choice shipping, \$4 20@4 30¢.

Pigs, 200@250; steers, \$1 75@2 00; hogs, \$1 50@1 75; stockers, \$1 25@1 50.

Calves, 100@120; stockers, \$1 25@1 50; feeders, \$1 50@1 75.

Goats, 100@120; stockers, \$1 25@1 50.

Deer, 100@120; stockers, \$1 25@1 50.

Elk, 100@120; stockers, \$1 25@1 50.

Antelope, 100@120; stockers, \$1 25@1 50.

Wapiti, 100@120; stockers, \$1 25@1 50.

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